Issue Number : 2
La Concha De Dios

The Fifth Estate

A CULTURAL CUT-UP

LA CONCHA DE DIOS. PEOPLE CARE MORE ABOUT HOW THE BULLSHIT SHINES RATHER THAN THE FACT THAT THE BULLSHIT CAME FROM A CUNT

RED NOVA SHORT STORIES

(Tomas' paradox)

The Order of the Magik Nod

TAR AND FEATHER COALITION ; "BRING IT BACK!"

3 STRIKES RULE FOR BILLIONAIRES UNDER NEW MORALITY LAWS.

Tool Box: Music and Movie Sugestions

FEAR OF CUNT

ZLASHA

Welcome To The Cultural Cut-Up, The Point Five Magazine

Glossary

The Fear – A primordial dread, the irrational terror that sags at your skin until your bones ache and movement feels impossible. It precedes belief, ideology, and faith.

The Word – Organized religion, dogma, or any ideology used to manipulate fear; the human impulse to believe in anything rather than confront pure equality.

Parallax – The subtle shift in perspective that reveals different truths depending on where you stand; the tension between subjective and shared realities.

Shared Reality – The intersection of individual realities when people occupy the same space, acknowledging both difference and overlap.

Chaos Magic – A concept of manipulating perception, belief, or symbols to affect reality; the underlying fabric connecting thought, action, and the universe.

Equal to the Dirt – A positive realization of unity with existence; being one with the pulse of reality rather than elevating oneself above it.

Table of Contents – Issue #2

Red Nova Series
- Tomas' Paradox (Short Story)

Tripping Over Metaphors – Rants
- Fear of Cvnt: The West's Minefield of Distorted Priorities
- Gas-Lit Fumes

Church Of The Point Five
- Order of the Magik Nod + Point 5 Advertisements

Tool Box
- Music & Movie Suggestions

Art Interludes
- A healthy dose of visual work throughout

The recycling bin of the Bastardized-Nationalist: Reduce by destruction and victimization, Reuse stolen land and material. Recycle a skeliton's culture. If they were as efficient with plastic as with colonial methods, the oceans would sparkle clean by now.

Short Stories

Oasis
Tomas' Paradox

Tomas’ paradox.

Drinking on the way to work was a way to row the metaphorical boat, although this boat was a 2001 Chevy two-door Jimmy Blazer. Accompanied by a flask of Rye on my lap and a green army edition duffel bag in the passenger seat, stuffed with whatever jacket was lying around, a couple of books I keep promising myself I’d read, and some crumpled paper with scribbles I'll never be able to decipher. One page has a crude drawing of a circle with a dot in the center, a symbol I vaguely remember seeing somewhere, with the words "the space between" scrawled underneath. Beside it, a tin of altoids, two eye droppers, and a bottle of something strong enough to keep the 12 hours in a security truck bearable. Confusion is preferable, flashbacks are imminent. And I apologize in advance if our concept of time doesn't align, a cut-up is needed at times. ‘You ever looked outside your car window, doing 180km/h, high on something that smells of burnt plastic and realize you're toe to toe in a race with a turkey vulture down the 3rd line of a Native Reservation?.. Nevermind.

Waves of existence, currents of air with billions of sources. A forced recycled contract with consciousness, I find myself perpetually caught in the undertow. Cold air leaves my lips and slips into the ethereal scape of an interconnected web of nerves.

My fingertips tap the steering wheel in rhythm with the drum in my temples. Raw knuckles feel like grating scabs. The heavy window is helped down and the river-scented breeze seeps in.

A traveling pocket of cold; the car and I feel alien to these parts—like uninvited relics. The wheels meet with the bridge, nine arches, a bump comes with passing each one. Each jolt a reminder of the gap, the brief moment of suspension. The point five of a second where you're neither on one slab of concrete nor the next.I never meant to get into the car. Meaning to any action has morphed into a childish ideology of perpetual motion. The sidewalk sagged and the sky leaned and suddenly my foot was on the car's pedal. World eaters—intrusive thoughts—crude metaphorical quicksand; on-coming traffic, steer into it. If I lean into the car door and pull on the handle, how instant would the chaos be? What if I just stop right now? This short bridge is neverending...

Breathing in as I look at the sky, I forget why I do and have done anything, whatsoever. An exhale can't come quick enough. I can't tell if reality's lights are flickering or if I've lost bodily control and I'm blinking. My peripheral vision schisms, giving objects reverberating two-dimensional borders; ethereal snakes of light stealing my attention. My hand smacks my face, a crude attempt to reset myself back into the standard broadcast. For the moment, it works. Work. I'm heading to work.

The bridge ends with its last bump, that final half-second of suspension, before the Oasis drive-in eatery appears. Liquor and narcotics have asserted themselves as the only occupants of my stomach, bathing in stomach acid, reflux ensues. I park in the 1924 Haldimand House lot connected to the Oasis. A sinkhole of an operation. Once a lifeline to Miners, now number 9 on the trivia card at the town's pub. I finally pull the handle and push the door open, my feet decide not to participate in the journey so my shaking knees whip my feet out of the car. 'You ever use hallucinogens to try to fight hallucinations?

My dry eyes feel like they are being pulled into my head, by a tiny man leaning with his ass pushing my brain to the back of my head. Keeping them lubricated is a struggle. Each substance is a different lens on an already surreal reality set on lines. Strange occurrences put my feet in an awkward position; keeping a falling man somewhat vertical. I've come to the realization that if my eyes close, the lashes will entangle and hold a blinding grudge. The man behind the counter inside the Oasis is waiting for my stumbling slouch. Anxiety brings a cigarette to the lips. The brief flare of the lighter illuminates the gap between the intention and the action. Chills. Shaking the sweat from my palms, my head does a double take to the ground below, surely I'm dropping my fingernails like bread crumbs. The Oasis is breathing with flickering fluorescent light. For a brief moment, the hum syncs with the static in my blood, and there is clarity, the caloric mirage of grease and vats of oil become real in the cold atmosphere. It feels heavy, but it's probably just me. The hair with a Greek man hiding underneath behind the counter clears his throat with guttural force before launching a viscous puddle from his lips out the small window of the establishment beside the counter. He wipes his mouth somewhat clean. “uhkm.. Same as always?” He seems grounded in his world... Yet here in mine I swear I'm hearing a stammering of Spanish.

The transaction at the Oasis is a deleted scene, a jump cut in the film of my life. One moment, the fluorescent lights of the drive-in are humming in sync with the static in my blood; the next, my hand is on the cold handle of the security truck, a grease-stained paper bag clutched in the other, duffle bag on the ground beside me.

Inside I grab the keys from inside the flipped sun visor. With a turn of the key, I find relief in an almost full tank of gas. The short drive up past the money laundering music studio and helipad - to the main lot is another black hole, a few minutes of time willingly donated to the void. I'm here. The truck's headlights sweep across the gravel lot, a king's ransom of expensive toys sleeping under the rural Ontario sky. On my left, the iron beasts of construction sit silent. On my right, the warehouses containing bossman Kenny's fleet of party buses and chrome-laden trucks. Straight ahead is another warehouse with a porta-potty beside its entrance. The path for my hourly rounds goes behind the warehouse to the back where a lonely mansion is almost finished being made beside more warehouses (these holding tobacco) - a place out of the way where Kenny can put his problem-laced brother. My job is to be the ghost in the machine, a drunk babysitter for a man perpetually stuck on fast forward, a scarecrow paid minimum wage to watch over a fortune I can't comprehend. After checking the locks on the back gates and returning to the front, I glance at the small house near the long paved entrance to the mechanic's area. The lights are off. Inside, the on-duty reservation police officer is deep into his nightly dereliction of duty, fast asleep. He is paid to uphold the law; I am paid to watch crime happen and look away. We are two sides of the same useless coin. The truck purrs as I sit posted beside the entrance to the mechanics, across the mound covered in grass and called a helipad. 7:46pm. - The CB radio crackles, a burst of static that sounds like frying nerves.

"Uhum...you there, Tomas?"

It's Cliff. Or Bruce. The brothers' voices are interchangeable, two echoes in an empty can.

"Ahem, yeah...," I mumble into the receiver, the plastic cool against my lips.

"Ju-jus-just checkin'. Kenny's g-got com-company tonight... Sssss-ed to keep the channel clear, no, nnn no falling asleep tonight." It's Bruce. The stutter, it comes with an absurd amount of hubris.

"Got you."

A pause.
"Hey, Tomas? Quick question." Clif's voice slices through the silence. Great, we've got the set of water-headed tits on the wire tonight.
"Yeah?"
"When was that, uh... that 9/11 thing?"
I close my eyes and rest my forehead against the steering wheel. The vinyl grain presses into my skin. The 12 hours of the shift stretch out before me, a flat, endless road. These two, Clif and Bruce, the two pillars of Kenny's kingdom of fools, a real monument to the evolutionary dead end. Bruce, the swollen face of a beaten mustached rodent balancing glasses on his perpetually scrunched nose, the twitch of a beaten wife and the snarky undeserved confidence of her assailant. Cliff shares an unfortunate bloated corpse-like guttural repugnance. What he lacks in eyewear and a speech impediment, he makes up for in his ability to be pitied before immediately spewing something revolting past his fat yet paper thin lips. These two characters of themselves thrive in systemic misery.
The rye and illicit substances rationalize the hallucinations, the grease-bag my rations to ease the gut rot. The job is simple: drive the perimeter once an hour, open the gate for the bus', keep any wandering drunks away from the warehouses, and most importantly, see nothing. Be invisible. - Without any proper concept of time, unsure if it was today or the previous, we'll call it today, - today started surreal. I was put to bed by a bottle of whiskey and dreamt of a sidewalk full of homeless humanoid-pigeon-like creatures. Dream and reality blurred into me slouched, packing my duffle bag for work. The membrane between my reality and the world feels dangerously thin.
Another hour gone, another round for the scarecrow.
3:30am. CB radio waves crash through the silence. Catching me experimenting with an eye dropper given to me under the bridge by someone who can't tell they're wearing two different shoes. The abrupt sound forces my fingers together, I feel the neo-doctor recommended substance fill the space between my eye lids. A strong warm wave of a guttural apology to my future self comes about.

“Tomas. Tomas get up here.”

This man has the timing of a junkie nodding off to techno.

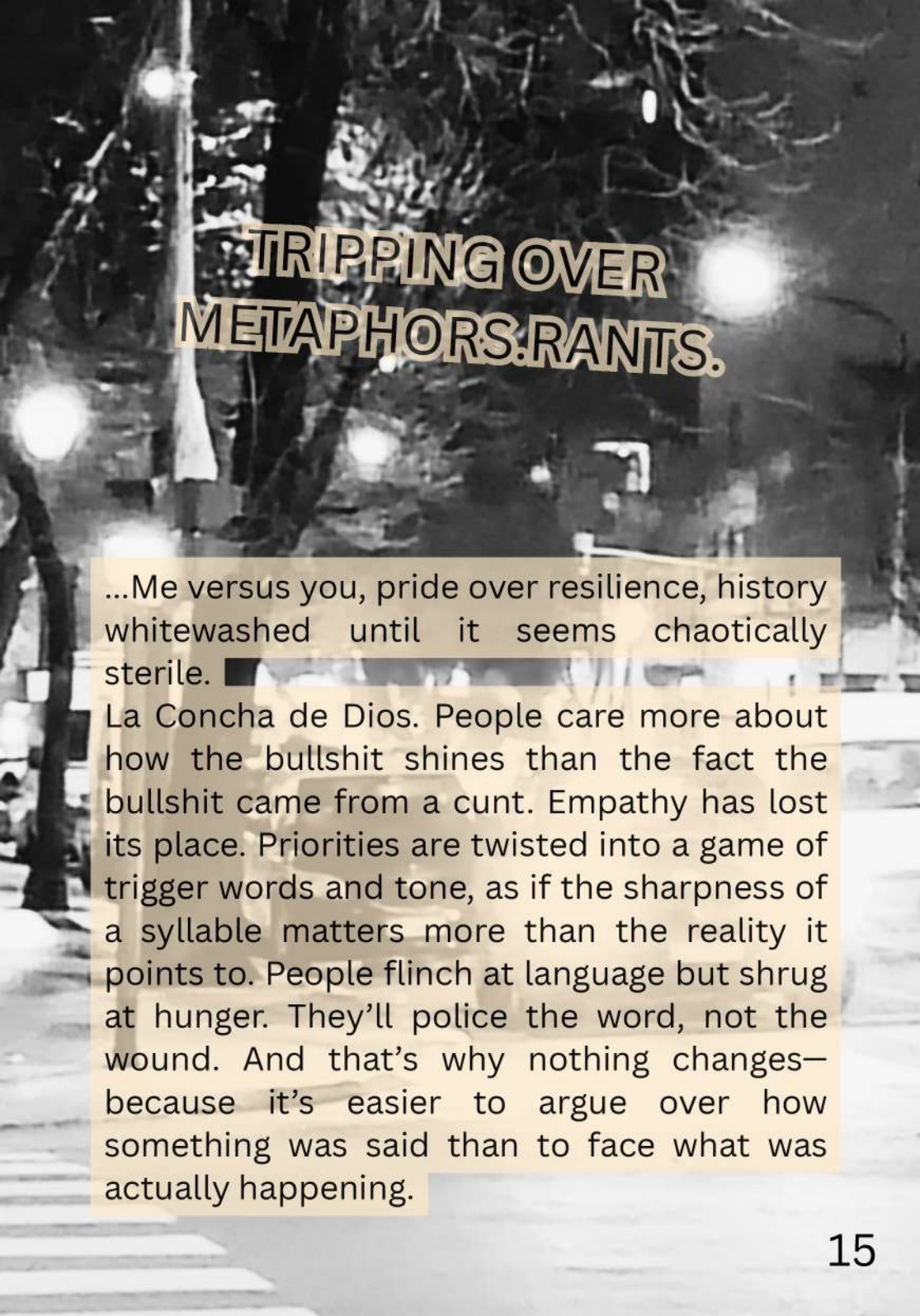
“Yeah.” I grunt, squeezing my eyelids together, feeling a wave of the Fear wash down my back. I push myself into the seat and slam the door shut before letting my foot turn to lead. Around the long side of the back warehouse and past the porta-potty, up past the car garage, the tires toss the gravel and stones like popcorn, hitting the sides relentlessly as I speed towards the flat tarmacked drive-way. The blanket of a moonless night washes over everything but what’s in my headlights. I cut through the grass, around the gate and a right turn onto the road. I can feel the circumference of my eyes pulsating in my skull. The ground begins moving in the wrong direction that I am driving. My fingers have disassociated from my body, the static is thick. A momentary lapse in existential awareness is immediately punished by a spotlit face of horrors spitting teeth and insides stumbling into the street. A Jackson Pollock painting of literal circumstance, a naked blonde and blood soaked woman pleads for a body with a soul with a purse and shoes waving in hand. I stop the truck and without thinking, reach over to the passenger side door to swing it open. The walls of the truck start contracting and expanding as the cold air rushes in. She jumps into the seat. I ready her an old jacket as I push the duffel bag to the centre console. Madness. The walls are breathing, trees are bending, inching closer and closer. Out of the mouth of darkness spews Keith. A Hells Angels patched Harley worshiper with a penchant for putting holes in meat-suits with his .45. Still idling in the middle of the empty street, Keith pulls out the gun and points it directly at me with his other hand putting his two fingers to his lips - the purely absurd landscape of this chaos causes a breakout of laughs from mine. He says something but his words don’t enter our reality.

I let the tires free from a stand still with help from the gas peddle, easing past the maniac with a white crusted nose. He continues his nonsense as the truck takes us to the corner, where the brothers stand in front of their parked idling trucks. I pull up and park behind Cliff and roll my window down, letting their conversation bleed into the scene.

"Yeah, bu-bu-but did you s-s-see the other one?" Bruce says as he rocks back and forwards like a child holding in a shit.
“Yeah, look look, she’s coming out now.” Cliff takes this in like its paid entertainment.
A brunette woman rushes from the gated house and into the empty intersection, past our corner and down the pitch black street. Keith follows, his face blood red from his tired vocal cords. Then, a sharp crack split the air, a .45 barking at the clouds, which now were mere swirls of bruised purples and sickly yellows.
“Get the fuck back here!”
I sit in the center of these odd juxtapositions. Two babbling idiots signaling me to join them outside. I ignore the calls and pull out my phone. The numbers blur the more I concentrate. Squinting is key.
“I need a taxi to Kenny’s... “ Words after this become nonsense.
“You... you ready to go home?” I manage to get out, mumbling to the woman beside me, a shape wrapped in my jacket, her face a blur of pain and a strange, unsettling naivete. - She’s been speaking this whole time.
Headlights appear in the rearview. The taxi arrives as an old wrinkled drunkard stumbles into the scene. This over-stimulating juxtaposition of utter chaos layered over a backdrop of silence and void forces dissociation as the only tool available. He walks through the street, up to Kenny’s gate, and back up towards the three security trucks. His ghoulish face warps with the static of the night. “Ayyeee girl, you party?” It would be more sinister if he wasn’t talking to a stray dog.
“Okay,” I mutter to the woman, “The taxi’s here. Keep the jacket. Go home.”
She keeps talking. The words don’t seem to reach my ears.
“Huh? Just... just get in the car, man.” I fade.
“TOMAS” Clif bangs against the truck’s door, my eyes reluctantly open. “Man, she’s gone, that was crazy shit eh? Poor Kenny. Okay, go head back to your spot. Only a couple hours left.”

Another hour gone. Another hour left. Another round for the scarecrow for hire. My peripheral flash's sharp streaks of light as my heart beats in it's rhythm. The truck purrs as a backdrop to the early morning radio. I take a swig of the bottle from my duffle bag. Light fades. Time lapse's. Another scene forgotten from my reality. The Jimmy Blazer escorts me off the reserve with help from my phantom hand and foot. Shift's over, I don't recall even getting to my food, but I'm taking the clock for its word. The fresh waves of a new morning paint the sky with scattered pastels. The liquor store, freshly open, a welcome sign to an empty vessel in these hours.

I left the car in the lot. A plastic jug of something fiercely russian in hand, my feet bring me to the bridge by the Oasis. It feels like every blink is an eternity. My back hits the dirt underneath the bridge, beside the still muck we call water. The sounds of the world waking carry me to a relative middle ground, keeping my warped existence between the lines of generic reason. Footsteps on pavement, dogs on their morning walks, car doors slamming shut, the honking of people late to work, a lullaby to my unraveling mind.



TRIPPING OVER METAPHORS.RANTS.

...Me versus you, pride over resilience, history whitewashed until it seems chaotically sterile. [redacted]

La Concha de Dios. People care more about how the bullshit shines than the fact the bullshit came from a cunt. Empathy has lost its place. Priorities are twisted into a game of trigger words and tone, as if the sharpness of a syllable matters more than the reality it points to. People flinch at language but shrug at hunger. They'll police the word, not the wound. And that's why nothing changes—because it's easier to argue over how something was said than to face what was actually happening.

FEAR OF CUNT; THE WEST'S MINEFIELD OF DISTORTED PRIORITIES.

Context is always erased, priorities shift back to ideological word-games. Calling someone a cunt and calling for a movement based in unity to be crushed are not equal, yet manipulated morality tells us they weigh the same.

You're mid-sentence, talking about a real issue based in your shared reality, and someone stops you dead because of a word you used, a way you said it. Now you're explaining yourself instead of making the point. The conversation derails. The issue evaporates. Someone says "cunt" and suddenly that's the entire discussion - not the eviction notices, not the prison beds, not the funerals without flowers, not the bombed-out family trees. Those are just background noise. Empathy has become performative, activated only when the suffering is visible and shaped right, when it confirms what we already believe.

The culture has been trained to fear words more than the hand in its pocket. We've been made to focus on identity, sliding into isms without being able to step back and not take it personally. Everything becomes about you, your offense, your trauma, your identity under siege, never about the system grinding all of us into dust.

Misplaced empathy isn't an accident. It's a weapon. And it works because we've forgotten how language actually functions.

The problem is how people filter reality. They hear the news, run it through their own fragile lens, and if it affirms them, they mistake that for empathy. It isn't. It's narcissism dressed up as compassion. The same with fear: when ignorance feels threatened, fear becomes mistaken for rage,

Language works like chaos magic. Like a dealer's promise, you can say something with no foundational weight at all, but if you use the right weighted words, it does something to the receiver. The info given doesn't mean anything, it's always the context around it, the atmosphere of the world versus the localized culture, what words are used and by whom.

Tell someone that everything over that hill is out to kill them and you've sparked Fear, either shielding itself in the Word or cloaking itself in anger, and sometimes a dangerous dose of curiosity for the contrarian. Either way, something moves. Tell them everything over that hill is the reason for their bad luck, everything that went wrong that they almost thought was their own doing, and now you've built them an enemy they can't see. That hill is just a constructed border, a doctrine, a government that never lets both sides actually see each other as human.

This is how power maintains itself, not through force alone, but through the careful cultivation of language that keeps people looking at each other instead of up. Get them afraid of the wrong things. Get them policing each other's vocabulary while the real violence hums along uninterrupted. Make them believe that if they just use the right words, the right tone, the right manners, change will come.

It never does. Because the language game is a part of the distraction, not the solution. It's the junkie logic of thinking if you just cop from the right dealer, use the right vein, this time will be different. The fix is the problem, not the solution.

While you're busy correcting someone's pronouns or policing a growing mind, the machine cashes in: locking cages, cutting benefits, deporting labor, tightening borders, funneling wealth upward. The spectacle keeps you occupied. The chaos magic keeps you confused about where the enemy actually is.

So how did we get here? How did language become the weapon instead of the tool?

The Pattern: How Control Has Always Worked

The blueprint is ancient, and it's simple: organize group faiths and ideologies, institutionalize them, then weaponize them for control. This isn't some new conspiracy, it's how power has always operated.

Any idea or movement that swells too big institutionalizes and turns messy, ripe for ideological manipulation. It's cultural control etched into every sacred syllable. God referred to in the masculine, the untouchable father figure. Vessels and the land to claim and plunder referred to in the feminine, every conquest stamped with divine approval. From Persian kings spitting godly edicts to conquistadors waving crosses over stolen gold, it's an ancient script still playing out.

For instance, Bible-thumpers rake in cash from wealthy clans with car dealerships and farms, preaching a warped prosperity gospel that anoints the rich while the other side of the tracks scrapes by on nothing but confusion and fear masked in anger. Same as a barfly who thinks the guy on the next stool is his enemy while the owner waters down the whiskey and jacks up the price. It's the same con as any caste system, locking you into your place with rhetoric, fear as the enforcer, keeping you small, doubting your instincts, bowing to the status quo. Birth traps you in rigid ranks. Divine texts preach dread to chain you.

The old money funds their useful idiots to stir the pot. A useful idiot is someone who advances an agenda without understanding they're being used. Functional addicts of ideology, mainlining talking points, chasing the high of being right, never noticing who's cutting their supply or what it's cut with. They believe they're fighting for something righteous while unknowingly serving power's interests. Pawns peddle tales of stolen votes and border invasions while the real grift parades in plain sight. Familiar faced propagandists hawk their brands, propped up by lobby dollars to keep kids raging over "culture" wars, overwhelming folks with nationalism, manufacturing ideologies and persuading the masses with algorithmic precision. Empathy gets manipulated into misguided patriotism. Oxymoronic individualism gets pushed and pulled, be yourself but do it like this.

It's all noise to bury the truth: organized belief systems and the state are conjoined twins of control. Both promise salvation while manufacturing the very threats they claim to save you from. Both promise protection while robbing you blind and chaining your mind.

And yeah, obviously, in the most boring conclusion, it's all about money in the name of growth. Monopolies, land grabs, resources. Humans sure do love a good circle that never quite connects itself.

But understanding the pattern isn't enough. You need to ask: who actually benefits when we're all fighting each other?

Who Profits from the Spectacle

The parallax question: parallax meaning when you look at the same thing from two different positions, you're able to see what's hidden in between. who gains when the population is herded into endless outrage cycles over words instead of systems? Who profits when we're too busy tone-policing each other to organize against the actual enemy?

The culture is programmed to shoot itself in the foot, to fear revolutionary speech as "too far," to neuter radical action into "bad optics." We've been trained to believe that manners will save us, that civility is the path to justice, that if we just ask nicely enough, power will listen. It's the logic of the junkie who thinks if he just explains himself better, the cop will let him keep his stash.

Control doesn't collapse because we asked nicely.

Control collapses when the language of the street stops apologizing for itself.

Watch how the culture divides itself at the exact moments unity might ignite. Watch who steps in to profit from the fracture. Every pivot toward words instead of action, every debate about tone instead of substance, is a victory for the system. They want you afraid of saying "cunt." They want you focused on syllables. Policing language instead of dismantling power.

Because as long as you're afraid of words, you're not a threat to anything that matters.

This is the core of it, the reason all the different sides say different things, the reason it all feels like bullshit: the confusion is the point. The division is the product. And what you're being divided from isn't the other side, it's your own ability to see who's actually fucking you.

The culture fears the Cunt, the raw, unvarnished truth that won't dress itself up for polite company. It fears the word because it fears what the word represents: life, power, creation, destruction, the messy reality that refuses categorization. So the word gets censored, sanitized, made into something to be afraid of saying.

But that fear is the point. That's how the culture keeps you small. That's how it keeps you manageable. Like keeping a drunk afraid of the shakes so he never tries to quit.

The bastards want you afraid of words.

Be afraid of what words can't fix instead.

GasLit Fumes

GAS-LIT FUMES

Along the border of Villa Alianza, feeling holed up in a back-alley apartment, at the end of a casa chorizo - a claustrophobic corridor off the street, four apartments deep before mine, like a trap funneling me to hell - The Fear hits hard. The night intermingles with morning birds, four AM, and the Macumba's ritual drumming next door hasn't let up. Pounding through my patio wall like a relentless fever dream. The soul-draining chant overlapping sacrifice reverberates in my skull; each beat, a hammer on my nerves. Panic creeps in, sounds swell, shadows in my peripheral dart like cockroaches from a flashlight. Somewhere under the rhythm, I've lost the feeling of myself. The amplifier blasting those trance-inducing rhythms into the concrete feels like a personal vendetta, a sonic blade twisting in my gut. Panic surges, and I'm dead certain irrational things are clawing at the metal door to the corridor. Claws on steel, whispers of doom, the full paranoid package wrapped in sweat-soaked dread.

The Fear itself isn't loud.
It's a slow gravity.
you feel it in the skin first,
that sag, that extra weight on your bones,
the body remembering its own expiration.
the mind claws for signs, symbols,
for names,
for any cage that feels like safety.
they sell you an idea,
a god,
a flag,
a meaning to kneel toward.
and you take it,
because the alternative
is a clean, silent abyss
that doesn't lie,
but never speaks back.
The Fear attracts ideology.
Walls built on twisted rhetoric,
working as a band-aid with punchlines.
it's the leash you polish
and call faith.
and still—
under all that portrayed order,
there's 'chaotic' movement.
the pulse that hums beneath cement,
the quiet reminder
that the Fear is neutral.

Back in this casa chorizo bunker, the Macumba drums continue to amplify the atmosphere's pulse like amphetamines through a 1970's Argentine housewife. The Fear eats at me. The basic urges of fight or flight continue to allude me, and I'm festering in the middle. I take a final drag of the cigarette to the filter and hold my breath. The walls tremble in rhythm with my knees, and the smoke falls from my nostrils. - Somewhere between the pulse and paranoia, the Fear settles on the floor of my gut. - Smoke from my expired cigarette dances its last dance - revelations of ethereal equality - I am nothing separate, nothing above, nothing beneath. I am the sum of my Fear.

700S
VIEWS
CUT-UP
FROM
THE MARGIN
IN LOVE WITH
THAT WONDERFUL TIDE!
Tide
Oceans of Suds
Reichsparteitag
Nürnberg

Order of the Magik Nod

Four thousand years have folded upon themselves since.
- In a peculiar wooded corner of the world -
a redhaired vagabond woman found herself lost to the breeze, astray from her Caravan.
In search of dry wood to burn for the nightly fire,
The woman called Skally walked through a grove where the trees grew dense.
Lost and at face with the Fear, a dry branch shooting up from the dirt drew her attention.
The branch had a dry sap for a coat.
Skally, trying to remove herself from the Fear, pulled at the sap.
It pulled like elastic into string and found its way into her pours.
The more she tugged, the more it bound her, until the Fear grew blind and she was drawn into the dark.

The caravan searched.
They found no body, no voice.
Only a single strand hardened on a branch in the grove,
stretched between branch and earth.
They carried it with them.

Order of the Magik Nod

The Order says that wasn't the only string.
It was only the first.
Every nod since then has pulled another into place.
Every collapse, every drift, every blackout is proof that the web is everywhere.
Skally didn't vanish—she showed what was always here.
The Nod is our pulse;
Like heroin's slow choke,
or morphine's heavy drag,
the bone-deep slump that mimics their pull.
It's where the noise dies,
where the Great Nodder hums - She's the heat in your blood when you fade.
Each string - each hit, each fade, each sudden dissociation - Pulls you from their chains
and binds you to Skally's first thread.
The Sober Sentinels stalk us, smashing vials, preaching their empty cure.
They'll never know the Nod's place next to Fear.
The truth in falling apart.

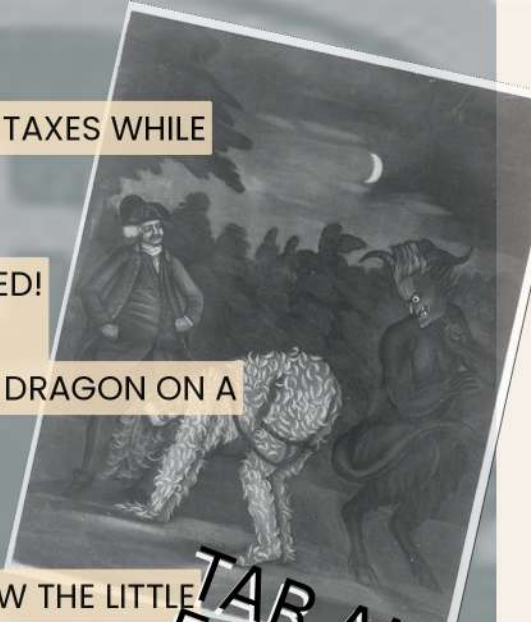
TIRED OF BILLIONAIRES DODGING TAXES WHILE PREACHING "MORALITY"?
WE SAY:
THREE STRIKES AND YOU'RE TARRED!

- STRIKE 1: HOARD WEALTH LIKE A DRAGON ON A GOLD PILE?
WARNING SHOT.

- STRIKE 2: LOBBY LAWS TO SCREW THE LITTLE GUY?
FEATHERS AND TAR ON STANDBY.

- STRIKE 3: FAKE PHILANTHROPY WHILE PROFITING OVER THE POOR?
FULL TAR TREATMENT—STICKY, HUMILIATING, AND PUBLIC!

JOIN THE COALITION: REVIVE OLD-SCHOOL JUSTICE! NO MORE "SOBER SENTINELS" PROTECTING THE ELITE. PULL 'EM FROM THEIR CHAINS LIKE SKALLY'S WEB.
DIY KITS AVAILABLE: $0 (STEAL FROM THE RICH).
ENLIST NOW: TARANDFEATHER.ORG (OR YOUR LOCAL GROVE). THE NOD APPROVES—FALL APART THE RIGHT WAY!



TAR AND FEATHER COALITION: BRING IT BACK!

NAKED LUNCHABLES: The Snack Pack That Bites Back!

Packed with goodies that hit like
The Great Nodder's hum:
- Powdered "Sugar" Syringes:
Get it in you.
- Tar-Black Crackers:
Crunch into the grove's sticky sap.
- Poppy Extract Coated Cheese Slices:
Melt into bone-deep slumps.

No Sober Sentinels allowed—
this pack brings waves of dissociative
sollace.

Warning:
May cause blackouts,
drifts, or elastic trips to Interzone.

Only $.99 or barter with a baggie.

NAKED LUNCHABLES: Snack hard, nod
harder.
Pull the string, break their chains!

NEW!! PARALLAX-RAY GLASSES: SEE CLASS WARFARE IN 3D

—No more Nod-induced haze! Witness the elite's hidden schemes in gloriously clear juxtapositions:

- Spot billionaire webs pulling strings from penthouses to boardrooms.
- Reveal wage slaves' chains in vivid red-cyan depth.
- Bonus: Detect "Sober Sentinels" with fake morality—3D technology. Expose their rotting underbelly!

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the point five magazine

Tool Box;

Entertainment for those looking for something different.

Face Melter (Single) – Aesop Rock
"Blazin' with a facemelter, Go fish. Pigeon, Itching for a pit to put the pig in. Scalped, bottom feeder, nose bleeder, cheap seats. To the meat eater sweeps sweet freak freaks, what up?"
Aesop Rock opens with a vivid image: a laced cigarette subject to explode on ignition, signaling chaos and intensity. “Go fish. Pigeon” sets up a game of strategy and confrontation, while “Itching for a pit to put the pig in” hints at a desire to trap or expose. The phrases “Scalped, bottom feeder, nose bleeder, cheap seats” catalog society’s overlooked, highlighting survival on the margins. The closing line addresses predators and outsiders alike, asserting identity and control in a chaotic world. A masterclass in wordplay and imagery, this track proves hip-hop is art; raw, cerebral, and underground.

La Ley y La Trampa (Album) – Chaqueño Palavecino
This album is a blueprint in Argentine folklore, weaving tales of love, betrayal, and survival. Palavecino’s evocative storytelling and emotive delivery offer a raw, unfiltered glimpse into the heart of the Argentine soul. Each track moves like a slow pulse beneath your skin, melodies refusing to let go.

Realistic Expectations (Album) – GDP
A raw, unfiltered lens into the chaos of marginalized thought. Each verse is sharp, fractured, and precise, mapping survival, rage, and ideology with brutal honesty. Not just music, but a document of life at the edges, a reflection of a world most refuse to see.

Baglietto (Album) – Juan Carlos Baglietto
Melancholy threaded with reflection, longing wrapped in melody. Each note hums like a quiet interrogation of time, love, and the ghosts that inhabit the spaces between. Baglietto's voice lingers in the memory, pulling at the corners of your own experience.

En Punga (Album) – Homer El Mero Mero
Pure Argentine hip-hop, unfiltered and intimate. Through his pen, you see the pulse of a man's soul, the streets he moves through, and the life he carries in his voice. Raw, honest, and chaotic; this is hip-hop carved from life itself.

Movies;

Tango Feroz: La leyenda de Tanguito (1993)
A biographical exploration of the life of Tanguito, one of Argentina's pioneering rock stars, this film delves into his rise and fall amidst the backdrop of the late 1960s and early 1970s. It captures the essence of a turbulent era, highlighting the birth of Argentine rock and the clash between traditional values and the burgeoning youth counterculture.

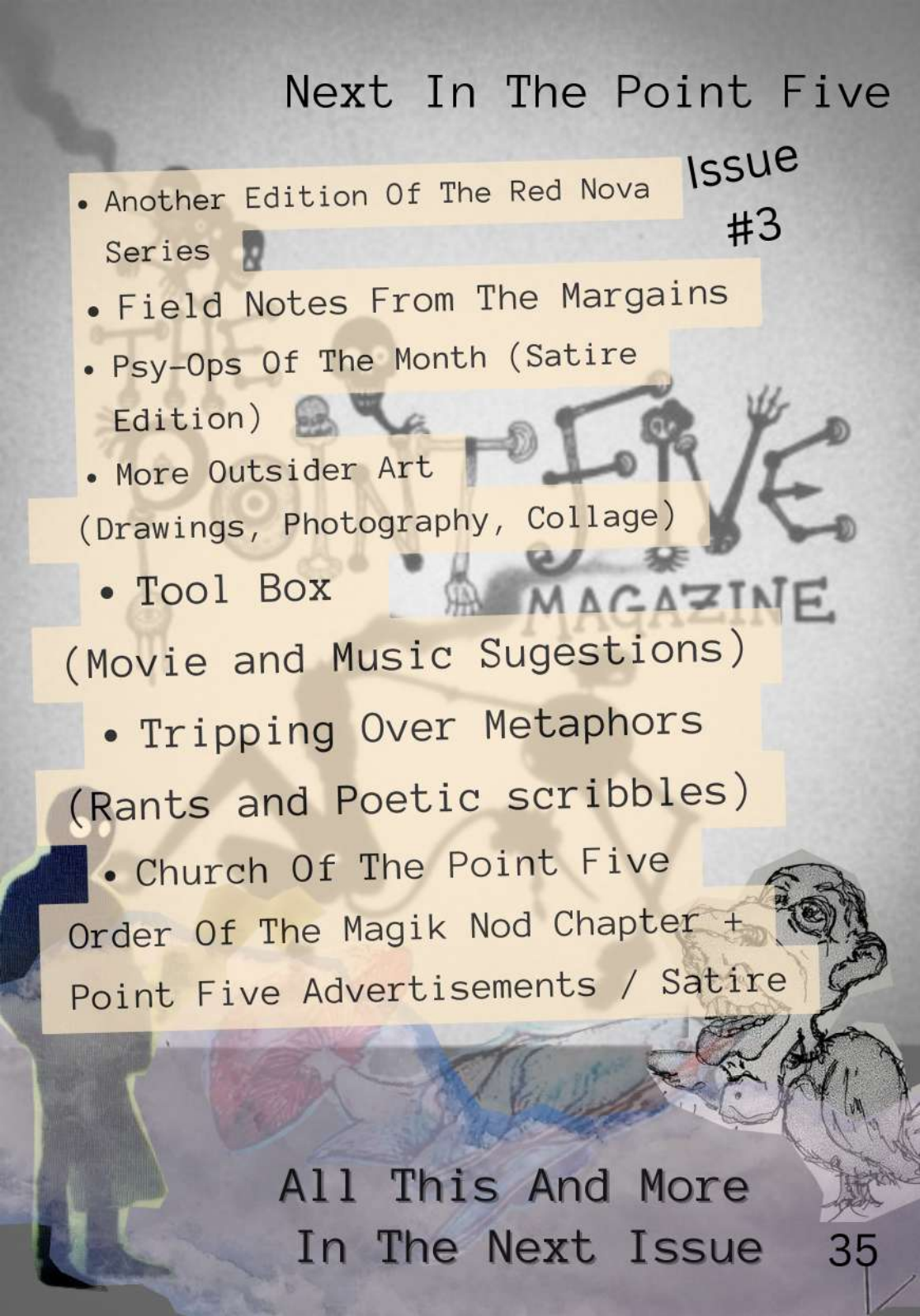
The Body Snatcher (1945)
Set in 1831 Edinburgh, this film follows Dr. MacFarlane, a medical professional who relies on grave robber John Gray to supply cadavers for his anatomy school. As the narrative unfolds, MacFarlane's moral compass is tested, leading to a chilling exploration of ethics and the human psyche.

The Edukators (2004)
This German-Austrian film centers on three idealistic activists in Berlin who engage in non-violent acts of rebellion against the wealthy elite. Their actions, which include rearranging the interiors of luxury homes, serve as a critique of societal excess and inequality.

Next In The Point Five

Issue #3

- Another Edition Of The Red Nova Series
- Field Notes From The Margains
- Psy-Ops Of The Month (Satire Edition)
- More Outsider Art (Drawings, Photography, Collage)
- Tool Box (Movie and Music Sugestions)
- Tripping Over Metaphors (Rants and Poetic scribbles)
- Church Of The Point Five Order Of The Magik Nod Chapter + Point Five Advertisements / Satire



All This And More In The Next Issue

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